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SPANISH.

CASTILLIAN SCHOOL :

Velasquez (1599 — 1660) "The Spinners" Madrid Gallery.

ANDALUSIAN SCHOOL :

Murillo (1618 — 1682) "Immaculate Conception" Louvre, Paris.

GERMAN.

Holbein the Younger (1497 — 1543) "The Madonna of
the Burgomaster Meyer" Darmstadt.

FLEMISH.

Rubens (1577 — 1640) "Descent from the Cross" Antwerp Cathedral.

DUTCH.

Rembrandt (1607 — 1669) "The Night Watch" Museum at Amsterdam.

PETER V. DYKEMA.



A NOTE ON MONET.

IT is not what we can distinctly see or exactly define that gives us our deepest impressions of nature. It is rather something that we savor of it, an essence, penetrating, volatile and unreduceable to any rigid terms of art. Yet art has found a way to fix this indefinable thing, and we have landscape paintings that produce the same kind of effect upon us that a scene does when our sense of its definite forms is lost in the pure charm of it.

In these days the painter's sense of form is exigent. It follows that even in landscape painting, where ideas of form should never be first, they are most prominent, as a rule. We are thus unready, seeing so few of them, for pictures that concern themselves less with the forms of their subject than with what these forms mediate. It is the treatment that troubles us in these pictures. It *seems* to take so little account of what we had thought most important, and not only do we fail to understand it when it is inept, as most often it is, but even when it is fit.

We must first understand that a picture is never true but at the expense of truth. The question, then, is this : Is its own the truest, the essential truth, or has it sacrificed this for the sake of truth less essential ? What is it that moves us in a scene ? What is this spirit "that knows the way I came," that holds mine, emptying it of thought and filling it with pure delight ? What is it in sunlight that makes me so unreasonably glad ? What in evening that stills my spirit's sea and leaves no ripple upon it from its unquiet day ? What in the storm that sweeps me from my calm and bears me resistless on its crest ? What is this spirit of earth and air that, when it breathes upon mine, dissipates from it all that makes

the sum of my intellectual self-consciousness, and makes of it just one emotion, pulsating, consonant to that which is passing upon it? I know not what this spirit is, but I know that it gives to mine its deepest experiences of nature, and that the art that seeks to fix such experiences will be of all the fittest in its aim.

A picture by Claude Monet, which now gladdens a central wall of the Art Institute, makes us feel this gladness that sunlight gives, and it is doubtful if any treatment more definitive in a formal way than what we find here could yield so much of what would chiefly impress us in its subject. In the composite impression that we would receive from such a scene form would enter least, and while so loose a treatment of its forms would be quite unsatisfying in a picture treating any other kind of daylight effect, we find that it serves well here.

And now, having suggested the larger reasonableness of such a style for such a theme, I will indicate briefly those technical conditions in the painter's art (conditions not to be escaped from) that determinate it as fit. There is this about paint, as one using it soon learns: Its light-giving effects depend upon three things, namely, purity of color, justness of complement in tints, and looseness of touch. A picture of even the grayest subject will not look like out of doors unless it have in its treatment all of these qualities. They are the *sine qua non* upon which all impression of light must depend. In scenes, then, like this, that are all flash and gleam and glow, it will be necessary for the painter to make the most of the treatment upon which such effects depend. On the other hand, he must subordinate all ideas of form in the same degree that they would be lost in the sensations of light and color that would make our chief impression of the scene.

But when we look into the matter we find that this picture is not so formless as we had thought, for while not definitive in any exact way, it is yet wonderfully true in its suggestion of much that seems at first quite badly told, and we find in it a master's knowledge of those things which it leaves out as well as of those things which it gives.

If you stand, say, twenty feet from the canvas, and gaze at it with an open mind and not too curiously, you will find that it has the coherence of a waking impression. You will know with sufficient certainty what it is all about, and see that the artist did. In most of the pictures in this style that I have seen the meaning has been less clear to me. They have left rather an impression of the painter's having lost his way. Could ultimate goals be so cheaply won as those who try the short cuts seem to think, then landscape art would be a trifling matter and not the serious thing the painter of this picture has found it.

It is to be added that this picture, while exceptional in its class, is not

offered as the complete embodiment of all that is most balanced and best in landscape art. Though it gives a rarely vivid impression of what is most distinctive in its scene, yet neither the layman nor the artist who is not pursuing its special technical aim will find its treatment on the formal side quite satisfying, even when he has made its point of view his own so far as he can reasonably be expected to. He may, however, without closing his eyes or standing on his head or taking any other disconcerting attitude, have a delightful experience before this canvas, so delightful as to suggest that when the supreme expression in this direction shall be found, landscape art will have reached the goal to which by its very nature it tends.

Anamosa, Iowa.

HENRY CHARLES PAYNE.



THE WASHINGTON MEDAL, BY PHILIP MARTINY.

THE PERMANENT COLLECTIONS IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

VI.—The Collection of Antiquities—Metals.

SOME seed fell by the wayside. Shall the fowls of the air gather it up? The multitudes pass through the south corridor, second floor. By the wayside is the seed, in the glass cases. The glitter of the metals is attractive, but these objects become fascinating when studied historically. However their forms may attract as examples of artistic effort, or simply as beautiful things, their virtues are but half appreciated unless compared